THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 21, 1805.

Deſcription of the Petit Trianon, near Verſailles.

[From "The Stranger in France; or, a Tour from Devonſhire to Paris."]

I Approached, with increaſed delight, the enchanting little palace and grounds of the late queen, diſtant from Verſailles about two miles, called the Petit Trianon, to which ſhe very juſtly gave the appellation of her "little palace of taſte." Here, fatigued with the ſplendour of royalty, ſhe threw aſide all its appearances, and gave herſelf up to the elegant pleaſures of rural life. It is a princely eſtabliſhment in miniature. It conſiſts of a ſmall palace, a chapel, an opera-houſe, out-offices, and ſtables, a little park and pleaſure grounds: the latter of which are ſtill charming, although the faſcinating eye and taſteful hand of their lovely, but too volatile miſtreſs, no longer pervade, cheriſh and direct their growth and beauty. By that reverſe of fortune, which the revolution has familiariſed, the Petit Trianon is let out by government to a reſtaurateur. All the rooms but one were pre-occupied, the day of our viſit, in conſequence of which we were obliged to dine in the former little bed-room of the queen, where, like the Idalian goddeſs, ſhe uſed to ſleep in a ſuſpended baſket of roſes. The apertures in the ceiling and wainſcot, to which the elegant furniture of this little room of repoſe had once adhered, are ſtill viſible.

After dinner, we haſtened through our coffee, and proceeded to the gardens. After winding through gravelled walks, embowered by the moſt exquiſite and coſtly ſhrubs, we entered the elegant temple of Cupid, from which the little favourite of mankind had been unwillingly and rudely expelled, as appeared by the fragments of his pedeſtal.

Thy wrongs, little god; ſhall be revenged by thy fair friend pity. Thoſe who treated thee thus, ſhall ſuffer in their turn, and ſhe ſhall not conſole them!

We paſſed through the moſt romantic avenues, to a range of rural buildings, called the Queen's Farm, the dairy, the mill, and the woodmen's cottages: which, during the reſidence of the queen at the Petit Trianon, were occupied by the moſt accompliſhed young noblemen of the court. In front of them, a lake, terminated on one ſide by a ruſtic bower, ſpreads itſelf. Theſe buildings are much neglected, and are falling into rapid ruin.

In other times, when neatneſs and order reigned throughout this elyſian ſcenery, and gracefully ſpread its luxuriant beauties at the feet of its former captivating owner, upon the mirror of that lake now filled with reeds and ſedges, in elegant little pleaſure-boats, the illuſtrious party was accuſtomed to enjoy the freſhneſs of the evening, to fill the ſurrounding groves with the melody of the ſong, which was faintly anſwered by the tender flute, whoſe muſician was concealed in that ruſtic tower, whoſe graceful baſe the honeyſuckle and eglantine no longer encircle, and whoſe winding acceſs, once decorated with flowers of the richeſt beauty and perfume, is now overgrown with moſs, decayed, and falling piece-meal to the ground.

Near the farm, in correſponding pleaſure-grounds, the miller's houſe particularly impreſſed us with delight. All its characteriſtics were elegantly obſerved. A rivulet ſtill runs on one ſide of it, which formerly uſed to turn a little wheel to complete the illuſion. The apartments, which muſt have been once enchanting, now preſent nothing but gaping beams, broken ceilings, and ſhattered caſements. The wainſcots of its little cabinets, exhibit only a tablet, upon which are rudely penciled, the motley initials, love-verſes and memorandums, of its various viſitors.

The ſhade of the ivy, which, upon all occaſions, ſeems deſtined to perform the laſt offices to the departing monuments of human ingenuity, has here exerciſed its gloomy function.—Whilſt we were roving about we were obliged to take refuge from a thunder-ſtorm in what appeared to us a mere barn: upon our entering it, we found it to be an elegant little ball-room, much diſfigured, and greened over by damp and neglect. In other parts of this *petit paradis*, are caves of artificial rock, which have been formed at an immenſe expence, in which were formerly beds of moſs, and through which clear ſtreams of water glided. Belvidere temples, and ſcattered cottages, each differing from its neighbour in character, but all according in taſte and beauty. The opera-houſe, which ſtands alone, is a miniature of the ſplendid one in the palace of Verſailles. The ſylvan ball-room is an oblong ſquare, lined with beautiful treillages,

lages, furmounted with vaſes of flowers. The top is open. When the queen gave her balls here, the ground was covered by a temporary flooring, and the whole was brilliantly lighted. As we paſſed by the palace, we ſaw in the queen's little library ſeveral perſons walking.

Could the enchanting beauty of Auſtria, and the once incenſed idol of the gay and the gallant, ariſe from her untimely tomb, and behold her moſt ſacred receſſes of delight, thus rudely expoſed, and converted into ſcenes of low and holiday feſtivity; the temples which ſhe deſigned, defaced, their ſtatues overthrown, her walks overgrown and entangled, the clear mirror of the winding lake, upon the placid ſurface of which once ſhone the reflected form of the Belvidere, and the retreats of elegant taſte, covered with the reedy greenneſs of the ſtanding pool, and all the fairy fabric of her graceful fancy thus diſſolving in decay: the devoted hapleſs Maria would add another ſigh to the many which her aching heart has already heaved!

NARRATIVE *of the* DYING PROSTITUTE.

(Concluded from Page 32.)

"MY happy days were of ſhort continuance; I did not diſcover till it was too late, that I was taken in a ſnare, that I was in a houſe of the moſt infamous deſcription, a reproach to the nobility and gentry who ſuffer many of them almoſt to elbow them in their magnificent abodes.

"The woman who engaged me under falſe pretences, but for the moſt abominable purpoſes, is a wretch well known in the pariſh of St. James, remarkable for ſtaring eyes, a thundering voice, and face of braſs; the ſeducer and ruiner of hundreds of her ſex, whom ſhe afterwards turns looſe on the town, polluted and pennyleſs; I hope God Almighty will give her grace to repent of her monſtrous crimes, or dreadful muſt be her puniſhment hereafter.

"Had I been at all acquainted with town manners, I muſt have perceived the odious nature of my miſtreſs's employ, from the lateneſs of her hours, and the company ſhe kept; in bed the greateſt part of the day, and the houſe in an uproar during the whole of the night; but London was a new world to me, and I had heard that it was common for ladies and gentlemen to turn night into day.

"The firſt alarm I received was from certain unwarrantable liberties taken with me by a hoary veteran, a conſtant viſitor of my miſtreſs, a well known character, remarkable for his fondneſs of a new face; I left deep marks of my reſentment on his countenance, which confined him to his room ſeveral weeks, under the

pretence of St. Anthony's fire. On mentioning the circumſtance to my miſtreſs, ſhe ſmiled and told me, I muſt not be ill-natured, for that it would ſpoil my fortune; I replied firmly that I would not ſubmit to ſuch treatment, and that I would quit her houſe, the moment day-light appeared, for it was already midnight.

" But ſhe took effectual means to prevent the execution of my purpoſe; watching an opportunity, ſhe ſent me up ſtairs on ſome trifling errand whilſt I was taking a little refreſhment, and conveyed certain drops into what I was going to drink; I ſwallowed them without ſuſpicion, and finding myſelf remarkably heavy, ſoon retired to reſt.

" From a deep, a death-like ſleep, I awoke, and found myſelf undone; a cowardly villain, introduced by that perfidious and deteſtable monſter ******, whoſe attempts I would have ſet at defiance with my ſenſes and ſtrength about me, took advantage of a ſtate, againſt which neither virtue nor prudence can guard.

" He attempted to pacify me with gold, and declared that he would make a handſome ſettlement on me the next morning; I rejected his offers with contempt; I drove him from my preſence with abhorrence.

" The ſavage in a female ſhape, ſoon came in with triumphant malignity in her eye, thinking ſhe could now bring me to her own infamous terms; ſhe began by obſerving, that hands like mine were not made for hard work, that I might live like a fine lady——I interrupted her by throwing up the ſaſh, and raiſing my voice to a pitch which alarmed her (for wickedneſs makes cowards of us all), told her, that if I was not ſuffered immediately to depart, I would raiſe the neighbours by my cries.

" I left her houſe directly, determining to have recourſe to the laws, to revenge my injuries: but a dread of appearing publicly on ſuch an occaſion ſhook my reſolution; not knowing whither to go, I applied to my firſt miſtreſs, with an intention of laying my caſe before her; but ſhe ſhut her door in my face, and after my behaviour to her, what right had I to complain?

" I hid myſelf in ſilence and ſolitude, and paſſed a few weeks in a little obſcure lodging, without reſolution or ſpirit to ſeek another place; my London dream of finery and genteelneſs was now vaniſhed, I dreaded the face of man, and ſuſpected every woman; I conſidered with envy the condition of the meaneſt drudge of the pooreſt farm-houſe in the country, who, notwithſtanding her coarſe fare and linſey gown, poſſeſſed thoſe firſt of bleſſings, health, innocence, and peace of mind.

" I took a place in the ſame waggon which brought me up to town, and had reached a little market town, a few miles from the

field

field where you found me, but fearing my ſmall ſtock of money would be exhauſted, before I reached my father's houſe, I reſolved to walk the remainder of my journey, contrary to the perſuaſions of the perſon who drove the waggon.

" Leaving my box with proper directions to be forwarded, I ſet out on foot, but had not travelled far, when a ruffian robbed me of the little I poſſeſſed, and would have proceeded to outrages more cruel, but my cries excited the attention of a gentleman with a ſplendid equipage, who was travelling the road, and at no great diſtance from us.

" The poſtillions were ordered to quicken their pace, and as they drew up, my terror and aſtoniſhment may be conceived, when I ſaw my diſhonourable violator, looking at me with ſavage joy as he jumped from the carriage, thinking that he might eaſily ſecure a friendleſs, unprotected woman, and convey her to what place and for what ever purpoſe he choſe.

" But the robber was not diſpoſed to part with his prey, adding falſehood to violence, and brandiſhing a bludgeon he had in his hand, he declared with an oath, that no man had a right to ſeparate us, for though I was noiſy and unmanageable, I was his wife.

" The gentleman ſaid he knew the contrary, that he had followed me acroſs the country from London, and rather than loſe me, would purſue me to the end of the world; with theſe words he laid hold of one of my hands, when the footpad at the firſt blow, laid him ſpeechleſs on the ground; a deſperate but unequal conteſt enſued, the ſervants fired ſeveral piſtols, and in the hurry, ſmoke, and confuſion, I darted from them.

" Terror gave me ſpeed, I flew down a bye lane, and after croſſing ſeveral fields, plunged into a thick wood, wandering through thorns and underwood, as long as my ſtrength permitted. I was thankful for my eſcape, and ſat down on a bank to eat a cruſt fortunately left in my pocket. I ſoon heard the voices of the ſervants, who ſeemed to be ſearching for me, and gathered from their converſation that they had wounded and ſecured the marauder, and as ſoon as they could find me, would convey us, with their maſter who had come to himſelf, but was much hurt, to the next poſt-town.

" I fortunately eluded their ſearch, but as night came on, in attempting to leave the wood, with a deſign of begging a lodging in ſome farm-houſe, my foot ſlipped, and I fell with ſuch violence with my knee againſt a ſtump, that I fainted in an agony of pain. Being unable to ſtir, I paſſed the night on the ſpot where I fell, and part of the next day, when, hungry and benumbed with cold, I crawled as well as the hurt I received would let me, to the place where your kindneſs found me. I paſſed the ſecond night there, and endeavoured to attract the notice and compaſſion of ſeveral travellers during the ſucceeding

ceeding day; but they conſidered me as an impoſtor or a looſe woman, and either neglected or inſulted me.

" I gave myſelf up for a loſt creature, but death, though retarded by your humanity, I feel is gradually creeping over me—I die in charity with all mankind, I pray to God that he will forgive my deſtroyers, and give them time and grace to repent. I beg that my parents whoſe name and direction will be found in a letter in my pocket, may be informed of my fate; that I remembered them with gratitude in my laſt moments, and that although miſled by folly, my heart was untainted by vice.

" I alſo make it my dying requeſt, that my misfortunes may be publiſhed for the information of young women of my condition, in the hope of reminding them, that pride and vanity, are the high road to crime and misfortune; that London is a ſcene of temptation, where there are always artful women, watching to take advantage of thoſe of their own ſex, who are tired of working honeſtly for their livelihood, and fond of fine cloaths.

" I wiſh to remind ſuch who are of this unfortunate turn, that a conſcious diſcharge of our duties in that ſtate, however humble, in which providence has placed us, is the only ſolid comfort in this world, and the moſt likely method of inſuring everlaſting happineſs in that which is to come."

ACCOUNT *of* MODERN DELHI.

IN the year 1631, the Emperor Shah Jehand founded the preſent city and palace of Shahjehanabad, now called Delhi, which he made his capital during the remainder of his reign. The new city of Shahjehanabad lies on the weſtern bank of the Jumna, in latitude 28. 36. north. The city is about ſeven miles in circumference, and is ſurrounded on three ſides by a wall of brick and ſtone, a parapet runs along the whole, but there are no cannon planted on the ramparts. The city has ſeven gates, Laholegate, Delhi-Gate, Ajimere-gate, Turkoman-gate, Moor-gate, Cabul-gate, and Caſhmere-gate; all of which have handſome arched entrances of ſtone, where the guards of the city keep watch. Near the Ajimere-gate, is a mudruſſa, or college, erected by Gazoodeen Cawn, nephew of Niſam-ool-Moluk, built of red ſtone, and ſituated in the centre of a ſpacious quadrangle, with a fountain lined with ſtone. At the upper end of the area is a handſome moſque, built of red ſtone, and inlaid with white marble. The college is uninhabited.

In the neighbourhood of the Cabul-gate is a garden called Tees Huzzari Bang in which is the tomb of the Queen Malika Zemani, wife of the Emperor Mahmud Shah; a marble tablet, placed at the head of the grave, is engraved with ſome Perſian

couplets, informing us of the date of her death. On a rising ground, near this garden, are two broken columns of brown granite, eight feet high and two and a half broad, on which are inscriptions in ancient characters.

The baths of Sadut Khan are a set of beautiful rooms, paved and lined with white marble, consisting of five distinct apartments, into which light is admitted by glazed windows at the top of the domes. Sefdur Jung's Teh Khana consists of a set of apartments built in a light and delicate style; one long room, in which is a marble reservoir the whole length, and a smaller one raised and balustrated on each side, both faced throughout with white marble.

Delhi is adorned with many fine mosques, several of which are still in perfect beauty and repair. The following are the most worthy of description:

1st. The Jama Musjid, or great cathedral. This mosque is situated about a quarter of a mile from the royal palace; the foundation of it was laid upon a rocky eminence, named Jujular Pahar, and has been scarped on purpose. The ascent to it is by a flight of stone steps, thirty-five in number, through a handsome gateway of the red stone. The doors of this gateway are covered throughout with plates of wrought brass, which Mr. Bernier imagined to be copper. The terrace on which this mosque is situated, is a square of about fourteen hundred yards of red stone; in the center is a fountain lined with marble, for the purpose of performing the necessary ablutions to prayer.

An arched colonnade of red stone surrounds the whole of the terrace, which is adorned with octagon pavilions for sitting in. The mosque is of an oblong form, two hundred and sixty one feet in length, surrounded at the top by three magnificent domes of white marble, intersected with black stripes, and flanked by two minarets of black marble and red stone alternately, rising to the height of an hundred and thirty feet. Each of these minarets has three projecting galleries of white marble, having their summits crowned with light octagon pavilions of the same. The whole front of the building is faced with large slabs of beautiful white marble; and along the cornice are ten compartments, four feet long and two and a half broad, which are inlaid with inscriptions in black marble in the Nishki character, and are said to contain the greater part, if not the whole, of the Koran.

The inside of the mosque is paved throughout with large slabs of white marble, decorated with a black border, and is wonderfully beautiful and delicate; the slabs are about three feet in length, by one and a half broad. The walls and roof are lined with

with plain white marble; and near the kibla* is a handſome toak, or nich, which is adorned with a profuſion of freeze work. Cloſe to this is a mimber, or pulpit of marble, which has an aſcent of four ſteps baluſtraded.

The aſcent to the minarets is by a winding ſtaircaſe of an hundred and thirty ſteps of red ſtone; and at the top the ſpectator is gratified by a noble view of the king's palace, the cuttub minar, the hurran minar, Humaioon's mauſoleum, the palace of Feroze Shah, the fort of Old Delhi, and the fort of Loni, on the oppoſite banks of the river Jumna.

The domes are crowned with culliſes of copper richly gilt, and preſent a glittering appearance from afar off. This moſque was begun by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in the fourth year of his reign, and completed in the tenth.

The expences of its erection amounted to ten lacks of rupees, and it is in every reſpect worthy of being the great cathedral of the empire of Hindoſtan.

Not far from the palace is the moſque Roſhun Al Dowla, rendered memorable to the Delhians for being the place where Nadir Shah beheld the maſſacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. The cauſe aſſigned by hiſtorians for this inhuman act is, that a ſedition broke out in the great market-place, in which two thouſand Perſians were ſlain. Nadir, on hearing of the tumult, marched out of the fort at night with a ſmall force to the Musjid of Roſhun Al Dowla, where he was fired upon in the morning from a neighbouring terrace, and an officer killed cloſe by his ſide: he inſtantly ordered an indiſcriminate ſlaughter of the inhabitants, and his ſquadrons of cavalry pouring through the ſtreets, before the afternoon put to death an hundred thouſand perſons of all deſcriptions.

Since this dreadful maſſacre, this quarter of Delhi has been but very thinly inhabited. The moſque of Ruſhun Al Dowlah is ſituated at the entrance of the chandney choke, or market; it is of the common ſize, built of red ſtone, and ſurmounted by three domes richly gilt.

Zeenut Al Muſajid, or the ornament of moſques, is on the banks of the Jumna, and was erected by a daughter of Aurengzeeb, of the name of Zeenut Al Niſſah. It is of red ſtone, with inlayings of marble, and has a ſpacious terrace in front, with a capacious reſervoir faced with marble. The princeſs who built it, having declined entering into the marriage ſtate, laid out a large ſum of money in the above moſque, and, on its completion, ſhe built a ſepulchre of white marble, ſurrounded by a wall

* Kibla literally implies a compaſs, but here means a ſmall hollow, or excavation in the walls of Mahomedan moſques, ſo ſituated on the erection of the buildings as always to look towards the city of Mecca.

of the ſame, in the weſt corner of the terrace; and ſhe was buried here in the year 1710. There were formerly lands allotted for the ſupport and repairs of this place, amounting to a lack of rupees per annum, but they have long ſince been confiſcated during the troubles this city has undergone. Excluſive of the moſques aforementioned, there are in Shajehanabad and its environs above forty others; but as moſt of them are of inferior ſize and beauty, and all of them of a ſimilar faſhion, it is unneceſſary to preſent any farther detail.

The modern city of Delhi is rebuilt, and contains many good houſes, chiefly of brick; the ſtreets are, in general, narrow, as is uſual in moſt of the large cities in Aſia; but there were formerly two very noble ſtreets, the firſt leading from the palace gate, through the city, to the Delhi gate, in a direction north and ſouth. This ſtreet was broad and ſpacious, having handſome houſes on each ſide of the way, and merchants' ſhops well furniſhed with a variety of the richeſt articles. Shah Jehan cauſed an aqueduct of red ſtone to be made, which conveyed the water the whole length of the ſtreet, and from thence, by a reſervoir under ground, into the royal gardens. Remains of this aqueduct are ſtill to be ſeen, but it is in moſt parts choaked up with rubbiſh. The ſecond grand ſtreet entered in the ſame manner, from the palace to the Lahore gate, lying eaſt and weſt; it was equal in all reſpects to the former; but in both of them the inhabitants have ſpoiled the beauty of their appearance, by running a line of houſes down the centre, and, in other places, acroſs the ſtreet, ſo that it is with difficulty a perſon can diſcover, without narrowly inſpecting, their former poſition.

Modern Delhi has been built principally upon two rocky eminences, the one, where the Jama Muſjid is ſituated, named Jujula Pahar, and the other, the quarter of the oil merchants, called Bejula Pahar; from both of theſe you have a commanding view of the reſt of the city. With reſpect to the ruins of old Delhi, the extent cannot be leſs than a circumference of twenty miles. The environs to the north and weſt are crowded with remains of ſpacious gardens and country houſes of the nobility, which were formerly abundantly ſupplied with water by means of a noble canal dug by Ali Merdan Kahn, and which formerly entered from above the city of Panniput quite down to Delhi, where it joined the Jumna, fertiliſing in its courſe a track of more than ninety miles in length, and beſtowing comfort and affluence on thoſe who lived within its extent. This canal, as it ran through the ſuburbs of Mogul Pahar, nearly three miles in length, was twenty-five feet deep, and as much in breadth, cut from the quarry of ſolid ſtone, from which moſt of the neighbouring houſes have been likewiſe built. Over it at different places were built ſmall bridges of ſtone, which communicated with the garden houſes of the nobility.

Ancient Delhi is ſaid to have been erected by Rajah Delu, who reigned in Hindoſtan, prior to the invaſion of Alexander the Great; others affirm it to have been built by Rajah Pettouvar, who flouriſhed at a much later period. It is called in Sanſcrit, Indraput, or the abode of Indra, one of the Hindoo deities; and it is thus diſtinguiſhed in the royal diplomers of the chancery office.

The royal gardens of Shalimar, made by the Emperor Shah Jehan, were begun in the fourth year of his reign, and finiſhed in the thirteenth, on which occaſion, and according to Colonel Dow, the emperor gave a grand feſtival to his court. Theſe gardens were laid out with admirable taſte, and coſt the enormous ſum of a million ſterling; their preſent appearance does not give cauſe to ſuppoſe ſuch an immenſe ſum has been laid out upon them, as great part of the moſt valuable and coſtly materials have been carried away. The entrance to them is through a gateway of brick, and a canal lined with ſtone, having walks on each ſide, paved with brick, leads up to the dewaun kana, or hall of audience, moſt part of which is now fallen down; from hence, by the ſide of a noble canal, having a fountain in the center, you proceed to the apartments of the haram, which occupy a large extent of ground. In front is an ivaun, or open hall, with apartments adjoining, the interior of which are decorated with a beautiful border of white and gold painting, upon a ground of the fineſt chunam.

On each ſide of this ivaun, incloſed with high walls, are the apartments of the haram, ſome of which are built of red ſtone, and ſome of brick faced with the chunam afore-mentioned, and ornamented with paintings of flowers of various kinds. All the apartments have winding paſſages, which communicate with each other, and the gardens adjoining, by private doors. The extent of Shalimar does not appear to have been very large. The gardens are not above one mile in circumference, a high brick wall runs around the whole, and the extremities are flanked with octagon pavilions of red ſtone. They ſtill abound with trees of a very large ſize, and very old. The proſpect, ſouth of Shalimar, towards Delhi, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with the remains of extenſive gardens, pavilions, moſques, and burial places. The environs of this once magnificent and celebrated city, appear at the preſent time nothing more than a ſhapeleſs heap of ruins, and the country round about is equally deſolate and forlorn.

BEAUTIFUL SNIPE.

A Beautiful variety of the ſnipe ſpecies was a ſhort time ſince ſhot by William Thorold, Eſq. near Syſton Park, in Lincolnſhire.

colnſhire. The body a clear white; the head, neck, and throat, cloſely marked with pale aſh-coloured and yellow ſpots: the breaſt a pure white; the back and wings ſtrongly barred with bright buff colour; the tail white, the extremities of the tail feathers of a bright buff: when firſt ſhot, the legs and bill were of a lively pink; but have ſince faded to a pale ſalmon colour. It is a curious fact that this elegant bird had frequented the ſame ſpot of ground for three ſucceſſive winters. It was more than once ſeen in 1802. Mr. Thorold had a very diſtant ſhot in 1803, when it could not be marked down, owing to the miſtineſs of the day. It was this year ſhot (in the ſame cloſe where it had always before been ſeen) riſing from its favourite ſpring. The bird is now preſerved at Syſton Park.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

OLD BAILEY, Friday, January 11.

SAMUEL MITCHELL was indicted for the wilful murder of Sarah Mitchell, his child, a girl of nine years old, by cutting her throat with a razor, on Tueſday the 18th of December, at No. 24, Wheeler-ſtreet, Spitalfields.

The priſoner is a ſilk-weaver, and lived in the garret; on the day before the murder, his wife and he, in conſequence of a ſeries of diſputes and bickerings, had mutually agreed to ſeparate. The deceaſed child remained with her father, and was uſually employed in quill-winding ſilk, preparatory to weaving it by her father. On the morning of the day above-mentioned, the priſoner was obſerved going down ſtairs, and aſked ſome perſon in the houſe what it was o'clock; and on being anſwered, deſired the landlord to ſend ſome perſon up ſtairs to take care of his employer's property. The priſoner himſelf went to a friend named Delaforce, in Kenyon-ſtreet, Shoreditch, and told him he had murdered his child, by cutting her head nearly off: they went together to the Cock and Magpye public-houſe, in Worſhip-ſtreet, when the priſoner had ſome drink and ſmoked a pipe; and when they came out, Delaforce aſked him what he meant to do with himſelf? he anſwered he was now going down to Shadwell, to ſome friends who were rope-makers, and who, he ſaid, would give him a few ſhillings while he ſhould be in priſon. He then aſked Delaforce when the ſeſſions would begin? and was told. He then ſaid, he would give himſelf up to juſtice, and added, "Well, Ned, I muſt die, but what odds will it make to me, if I am cut into a thouſand pieces? when I go, hundreds will go at the ſame moment." Delaforce ſoon after left him, and ſaw him no more, till he met him when in cuſtody, at the office in Worſhip-ſtreet.

Benjamin Moſer, Eſq. one of the magiſtrates of Worſhip-ſtreet-office, produced the written declaration of the murder, made voluntarily before him, and ſigned by the priſoner himſelf. No inducement whatever was held out to him, and he was repeatedly warned of the conſequences of his declaration ſo to be made, and the uſes to which it would be put upon his trial. Nevertheleſs he perſiſted in making and ſigning it.

The declaration was then read by the clerk of the court, and was in tenor and purport a full and voluntary declaration on the part of the priſoner; "that he had, for ſome time, altercations and diſputes with his wife, about a daughter of her's, whom ſhe had by a former huſband, which daughter acted in a ſhameful manner; but her mother brought her home to live in the family againſt his conſent, gave her indulgences which he did not like, which led to unhappy diſputes, that ended in an agreement to ſeparate; which they did on the very day before this unhappy deed; and it was agreed, that the younger daughter ſhould go with her mother; but that the priſoner, who loved the child, not being able to bear the idea of her going with her mother, and ſeeing her only as a viſitor, was driven to madneſs, and went to the cupboard and took out his razor, determining to put an end to the child, ſo that neither ſhould have her. In a little while, reflection and horror ſhook his purpoſe; but his paſſion ſoon overcame his reaſon, and he went behind the child and cut her throat; ſhe made neither noiſe nor reſiſtance; for the wound, and her death, were equally inſtantaneous."

Here ended the proofs for the proſecution, and the priſoner was called on by the court for any thing he had to ſay in his defence; when the wretched man addreſſed himſelf to the court and jury nearly in the following words:—

"*My Lord, and Gentlemen,*

"I ſtand before you in this place to-day, a wretched and awful example of miſery, of guilt, and of diſgrace. That I have committed the horrid deed laid to my charge, I have no wiſh to deny, any more than I have to avoid the dreadful puniſhment that awaits my guilt; to that I am reſigned; nor was it my wiſh, from the unfortunate moment of my crime, to evade juſtice. But that I committed the deed maliciouſly againſt my poor child, who was the victim of my fatal paſſion, I ſolemnly deny, in the preſence of that God, before whom I now make this declaration, and before whoſe awful tribunal I muſt ſhortly appear. Inſtead of bearing to her malice, God is my witneſs, I loved her moſt tenderly; and to that love, ſtrange and perverſe as it may ſeem, is owing chiefly the ſad cauſe that brings me here this day. I am married to a ſecond wife, by whom this child was my only daughter. We had long known each other before our marriage, when I was in better days, and when ſhe

and

and I were the wife and the husband of others; I thought I could be happy with her, but I found her temper incompatible with my happiness, or her own; I found the friends and family with which she was connected, thought her marriage with me degrading to her. Disputes and altercations took place frequently between us, in which, unhappily, both were in fault. Those disputes were often carried to a pitch of fury; and what tended still more to exasperate me, and aggravate our dissentions, was, that those she called her friends, always sided with her in every thing, whether right or wrong, and many of them, I am sorry to say, strenuous professors of religious principles, were always more ready to lend a hand to the fomenting of mischief, han to the promotion of charity and peace. Our disputes, at last, ended in a mutual agreement to separate, and the child I so tenderly loved, was to go with her mother; this my unhappy temper and feelings could not bear, and led me to the fatal resolution, that neither should have the child, by committing the horrid deed of putting an end to her life in the manner I have done. I fervently beseech God to forgive me, and guide you in your decision upon me this day; and I hope my unhappy fate will prove an awful example to those who form second marriages, with children on both sides, and a warning to them against giving way to intemperate disputes, that may lead them, as they have done me, to acts of desperation and vengeance beyond the controul of reason or reflection. If my wife was present, she could vouch and prove, that it was impossible I could ever have deliberately executed such an act. She could vouch that my disposition is not cruel; and that my resolutions have always led me to the side of virtue: but unfortunately under agitations of mind, or provocations of temper, I am not always the same man: and my weaknesses, under such circumstances, have very frequently led me into excesses of frenzy, which in cool moments have astonished me. Once, in particular, forced by distress to apply for relief at my parish work-house, I had come too late in the day; when wound up by disappointment to madness, I broke as many windows as cost the parish four pounds for the repair: and yet the parish officers, though they might punish me, did not, knowing that my act was the result of a mind deranged. I have no more to say, but I hope God of his infinite mercy will pardon my crime."

The learned judge shortly summed up the evidence, and the jury found the unhappy man—Guilty.

He is about sixty years old, and wore about him the appearance of having experienced better days.

The recorder, in a style the most solemn, awful, and impressive, then addressed the wretched man; and after commenting on the horrid crime of murder, always in its nature dreadful, but aggravated a hundred-fold in his case, as the murder of an

innocent

innocent infant, who hailed him with her firſt efforts of ſpeech, by the endearing name of father, but to whom he had acted as a deſtroyer; warned him to uſe the ſhort remainder of his unhappy exiſtence in making his peace with his offended Creator; and then ſentenced him to the awful execution of the law on the Monday following.

The court was crowded in every part, and particularly with women; and not only thoſe, but the jury, the counſel, and all preſent, were melted into tears.

On VACCINE INOCULATION.

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER,

SIR,

STIMULATED by the pureſt motives of humanity, and an ardent deſire of diſſeminating the ſeeds of uſeful knowledge, I take the liberty of addreſſing you on the ſubject of vaccination—a ſubject, I preſume, by no means foreign to the deſign of your entertaining miſcellany. After the many elaborate and ingenious publications, already preſented to the world in favour of this grand diſcovery, it would be deemed a ſtriking example of vanity and preſumption in *me*, to attempt to add any thing further on the ſubject; but this, Sir, is not my intention. It is true, I would endeavour to fortify the minds of the more unprejudiced part of the community, who have already partially enliſted under the banners of vaccinia, againſt the many cunning devices her enemies may have recourſe to, in order to depreciate her value.—I would, if poſſible, gain freſh converts to a cauſe, the effects of which muſt ever claim the admiration and gratitude of remoteſt ages. Recollect, however, the weapons I intend to employ in this arduous undertaking are not my *own*, but borrowed from the armoury of a *veteran vacciniſt*; and that I reſign every pretenſion to applauſe, ſince all I can poſſibly merit, muſt ariſe merely from my deſire of brandiſhing thoſe weapons, againſt the foes of truth and humanity.

You muſt be well aware what a ſpirit of diſbelief prevailed amongſt all claſſes of people, on Dr. Jenner's firſt attempt to promulgate the merits of the cow-pock inoculation. The moſt formidable prejudice for a while predominated; and ſuch of its enemies as were literally incapable of advancing the ſimpleſt opinion on the ſubject ſtooped to the abſurd aſſiſtance of a *print-ſhop*, to prejudice and inflame the ignorant multitude. After, however, a minute inveſtigation of the various circumſtances and effects of this diſcovery, by men of genius and profeſſional merit; in addition to the innumerable examples of its aſtoniſh-

ing efficacy, in preſerving mankind of both ſexes, and in every ſtage of life, from the diſtreſſing ravages of the ſmall-pox, the advocates of vaccination made no ſmall progreſs in their labours. But even, in the preſent day, we have very frequent and melancholy proofs, that its enemies are not totally ſubdued; which ſhould become a ſtimulus to the more enlightened members of ſociety, to uſe their utmoſt exertions in the execution of ſuch a laudable deſign. And in addition to the preceding remarks on the prejudice of mankind *in general*, I would alſo premiſe, that amongſt the more retired inhabitants of the country, *in particular*, where the works of the literati are not commonly met with, theſe inimical ideas are ſtill frequently retained in their primitive inveteracy. I am therefore of opinion, that your attention to the following requeſt, will not only prove a ſource of entertainment to your readers, but alſo a means (from the extenſive circulation of your weekly publication) of convincing many who, from their ignorance of the various teſtimonies which have appeared on the ſubject, ſtill wander through the dark mazes of diſbelief.

Mr. Goldſon, of Portſmouth, (a reſpectable gentleman of the profeſſion has lately publiſhed a pamphlet, expreſſing his doubts of the permanent efficacy of vaccination, to which publication Mr. Dunning, of Plymouth Dock, (a gentleman alſo of the profeſſion, and of great reſpectability) has given an anſwer, in a pamphlet that reflects credit on his profeſſional as well as literary abilities; and as Mr. Dunning's little work tends to elucidate the ſubject, in the cleareſt and moſt ſimple manner, and by a number of ſtriking and incontrovertible facts, I propoſe the occaſional inſertion of the incloſed extracts for the benefit of ſuch of your readers as may be ignorant of the merits or demerits of the caſe.

Your attention to this requeſt will confer a great obligation on the public at large, and particularly on,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

EUGENIO.

Extracts from Mr. Dunning's Pamphlet on Vaccination.

THE vaccine principle I have been uſing the laſt four years, is what I took from the arm of a girl, 10 years old, whom I endeavoured to ſubject to vaccine influence, in May, 1800;—this child, nine years before, had ſuffered much from the ſmall-pox, and indeed her face was much pitted with them.—To the affection produced on this child's arm, I called the attention of Doctor Remmett, exactly at the time of its acme; he ſaw it alſo in other ſtages of it; and I did not fail to call the doctor's obſervation alſo, to the firſt ſubject which I vaccinated from this cow-pock; the Dr. will recollect that this child had the cow-pock in its

its moſt perfect character, and that this child lived in Chapel-ſtreet, in Stonehouſe.

I long ſince obſerved, that the cow-pock which follows on the arms of thoſe who had paſſed the ſmall-pox, whom I vaccinated with a view to relieve other diſeaſes, is ſometimes even larger, (indeed I incline to ſay, and Mr. Little inclines to ſay, too,) generally larger, than that which uſually forms in patients, not previouſly vaccinated or variolated.

But yet the character of them as a whole, is diſtinctly different; a little attention, and a little experience, are, however, neceſſary to enable us to mark them; the moſt diſtinguiſhing trait to be ſought for in them is, perhaps, in the abſence or character of the areola; this, I believe, ſeldom amounts to little more than a narrow belt; if more extended, it has none of the characters of active inflammation, is irregularly diſtributed, and is leſs hard.

Mr. Little, (who lives within a few doors of me, and with whom I uſually confer,) and myſelf, have learnt, I believe, to diſtinguiſh them with tolerable readineſs and preciſion, and I have no reaſon to doubt that my other friends here, cannot as readily detect them.

Whenever a puſtule occurs in vaccination, and, I believe too, whenever a rapidly-formed puſtule occurs in the practice of variolation, terminating in what is called a feſtering ſore, however large this may be, and however copious the diſcharge from it; and although attended too, with conſiderable derangement of the ſyſtem, and determination of an anomalous character to the ſkin, in the form of pimples, ſometimes approaching even to maturation, yet after all theſe conſequences, the entire nothingneſs of them, in reſpect to any protection in either practice againſt ſubſequent ſmall-pox, is at this time, I ſhould think, too generally obvious to render it neceſſary longer to be inſiſted on.

I muſt introduce here a long quotation from Doctor Jenner's publications, which, really, leave hardly any thing to be ſaid which relates to the vaccine and variolous practice,—when I look into his "Obſervations," I am aſtoniſhed to find how little has ſince been added to them, by the numerous able writers who have ſince publiſhed on the ſubject:—In his "Further Obſervations," page 44, this great man ſays,—

"As the effects of the ſmall-pox inoculation on thoſe who have had the cow-pox will be watched with the moſt ſcrupulous eye, by thoſe who proſecute this inquiry; it may be proper to bring to their recollection ſome facts relative to the ſmall-pox, which I muſt conſider here as of conſequence, but which, hitherto, ſeem not to have made a due impreſſion.

"It ſhould be remembered that the conſtitution cannot, by previous infection, be rendered totally unſuſceptible of the va-

riolous poiſon; neither the caſual nor the inoculated ſmall-pox, whether it produces the diſeaſe in a mild or in a violent way, can perfectly extinguiſh the inſuſceptibility. The ſkin, we know, is ever ready to exhibit, though often in a very limited degree, the effects of the poiſon when inſerted there; and how frequently do we ſee among nurſes, when much expoſed to the contagion, eruptions, and theſe ſometimes preceded by ſenſible illneſs! yet ſhould any thing like an eruption appear, or the ſmalleſt degree of indiſpoſition, upon the inſertion of the variolous matter on thoſe who have gone through the cow-pox, my aſſertions reſpecting the peculiarities of the diſeaſe might be unjuſtly diſcredited.

"On the arm of a perſon who had gone through the cow-pox many years before, I once produced a veſication by the inſertion of variolous matter, and with a little of the fluid inoculated a young woman, who had a mild, but very efficacious ſmall-pox in conſequence, although no conſtitutional effect was produced on the patient from whom the matter was taken.

(To be continued.)

METHOD *of* PURIFYING *the* AIR *of* ROOMS.

THE contagious diſorders which have recently afflicted a conſiderable portion of the ſouth of Europe, and have even viſited a part of the Britiſh empire, have made the invention of M. Morveau, in 1773, of the higheſt intereſt to ſociety; and the diſcovery is ſo ſimple in itſelf, and eaſily practiſed, that to promote its utility, it is only neceſſary to make it known.

M. Morveau's method was as follows: When the air of a priſon, hoſpital, or houſe, is required to be purified, a chafing-diſh with ignited coals muſt be placed in the centre of one or more apartments. On the fire is put a ſtone veſſel, into which is poured three ounces of marine acid, or muriated ſoda. To this add two ounces of ſulphuric acid (the oil of vitriol of the ſhops.) From theſe ingredients will ariſe a gazeous fluid, which will penetrate every crevice of the apartment, and wholly diſſipate the infalubrious air. As ſoon as the ſaline ingredient is poured upon the acid the operator muſt inſtantly retire, having firſt cloſed the doors and windows, to keep in the vapour.

Anſwer, by Sciolus, of Mouſehole, to R. Thomas's Queſtion, inſerted October 29.

PUT x = the number ſought, then by the queſtion $x^2 = 5x^3$, and $x = 1.5$th, the number.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Written at the Commencement of the New Year, 1805.

LONG in inglorious sleep I've slumber'd on,
Nor bow'd, ye muses! at your hallow'd throne;
Long thro' the gloomy winter, dark and cold,
I've listen'd while the wintry winds have howl'd,
In silence paus'd, nor tun'd my dormant song,
While fields for green, and groves for foliage mourn.

Another year in dreary state rolls on
Usher'd by tempests, and the roaring storm;
No sun to illume thee on thy shaded way,
Nor the soft verdure of sweet lingering May,
Nor lamp of peace to light thy clouded morn,
Nor blow thy whirlwinds to her bright return.
E'en as the trumpets sound thro' Albion's band,
When war, dread, hated fiend! forsakes her strand
To hail the angelic form of peace again,
While war-worn warriors at her altar bend;
From foreign fields, and realms remote, return,
Where for their country they were spent and worn;
Repose them in the long forsaken groves,
Where in their youths they pour'd their early loves.

Ah no! terrific war! still o'er the world,
In sable pomp, his banners are unfurl'd.
Our volunteers are glittering o'er the plain,
Our hostile navies towering o'er the main;
The sea-beat sailors climb their masts on high,
And proudly view Britannia's ensigns fly:
Their rude songs carol to the waves below,
While the spray dashes, and the loud winds blow!
Frame their tall barks t' endure the tossing main,
Nor shrink from death, from dangers, toil, or pain.
Their imprecations on the foe they pour,
And mock the pomp which shines round Gallia's shore.

But, ye brave youths! who on your weapons lean,
And fly, for war, the covert and the plain;
Ye volunteers! who for your native land,
In firm embodied phalanx boldly stand;
Await, with brow unmov'd, the legions arm'd
From Gallia's ports to take your isle by storm;
For you full many a maid shall mourn away,
And breathe to love the consecrated sigh;
Full oft the partners of your bosoms mourn,
For woes remote, and dangers yet unborn;
To fancy, image, in the fiery strife,
Her love, her lord, "the partner of her life;"
For fear, pale fear, with her attendant powers,
Flies bolder breasts, to rule and reign in ours.

But hold my country—o'er the waves between,
We've mark'd in silent scorn the gilded scene;
Where Gallia's swarming legions flee the shore
Where, in long line, their ranks were rang'd before;

The ſervile peaſantry forſook the plain,
And fallen nobles form'd the gorgeous train;
Where the firſt conſul graſp'd the imperial throne,
Hail'd royal pomp, and law, and power, his own!
From fair Italia's realms, with awe profound,
The hoary pontiff trod on Gallic ground,
Of power deſpoil'd, ſubjected to his lord,
He and his prieſts obey the imperial word.
Invoke, on high, angelic powers above
To crown a favourite with celeſtial love!
No lofty Marcus Brutus tower'd along,
The veneration of the mingled throng:
As when a comet pours its blazing fire,
And trembling gazers wonder and admire;
Such was the man, far-fam'd in days of old,
A patriot uncorrupted, firm, and bold;
Who when thro' Rome the tidings freſh were borne,
That Cæſar graſp'd to mount th' imperial throne,
In his proud boſom plung'd the glitt'ring blade,
And bade for Rome's great weal a Cæſar bleed!
No Brutus's amid theſe ranks were ſeen
Of ſervile kneelers to their new-made king.

Are theſe the men who tumbled to the ground
The ancient ſtanding of the Bourbon's throne?
Was it for this their royal race was hurl'd
From ſov'reign power, to wander o'er the world?
Are theſe the men who planted all around
The trees of freedom, waving o'er their ground?
They are! O France! on that diſgraceful day,
When freedom's ſhade was flitting fleet away;
The laſt link broken in her golden chain,
And lawleſs power extends her iron reign!
When throng'd within the walls of Notre Dame,
You blew the tyrant's trump with loud acclaim:
When fortune, fame, ambition, pour'd their ſong,
And uſurpation led him to the throne.
Did not the ſpirit of that king you ſlew,
With freezing horror ſtart before your view?
In faded majeſty wave his cold hand,
And glance indignant on your martial bands—
" O France! what ſcenes are theſe which blaſt mine eyes,
" Which call'd me from the dark, damp grave to riſe?
" Was it for this my guiltleſs blood was pour'd?
" And war unſheath'd his broad and waſting ſword?
" You ſlew where freedom's ſtreaming banners wav'd,
" And turn'd my kingdom to a reeking grave?
" On my devoted head charged many a crime,
" Done ages paſt, thro' a long royal line!
" O Frenchmen, 'tis for this I inly groan,
" A proud uſurper climbs my rightful throne;
" Where'er he tow'rs with horrid ſtrides around,
" See war and ruin ſtamp the deſert ground!
" Nor my poor boy, lodg'd in the narrow tomb,
" Survives to bear in mind my hapleſs doom;
" T'whom my poor injur'd ghoſt might tell its wrongs,
" Fire him to avenge his father's and his own—
" But brief—theſe ſtrain'd eyes dazzle with the glare,
" My faded ſenſes with the noon-tide air.
" O France! thou ſick'ning ſcene of blood and wrong,
" I'll fly, I'll hide me in the friendly tomb!"

And thou, proud chief! who, with unwearied pain,
Haſt toiling climb'd the rugged mount of fame,
Frail be the garland woven for thy brow,
Enwreath'd by ſanguine hands of war and woe:

When thy few fleeting days on earth are o'er,
And the pale ſpirit land on Pluto's ſhore,
There by " ſad Acheron's" dark ſtream reclin'd,
With black remorſe mourn many a ſable crime
" Done in thy days of nature" o'er the world.
Ere thou from heights of power and life wert hurl'd.

From realms of death, and ſhades of tyrants fall'n,
I upwards ſpring, where lights celeſtial dawn.
Hail Britain! hail! thou bright and weſtern ſtar!
In peace majeſtic, terrible in war!
My own, my native country, ever dear,
While time ſhall ſtand, and year ſhall follow year!
From every clime I turn with love of thee,
Bleſt be thy ſons, enlighten'd, bold, and free!
Long may'ſt thou ſtand and powerful tyrants brave,
Defy the world, nor wear the robe of ſlaves.
To thee my muſe her budding wreathes ſhall bring,
Green, unmatur'd, thro' eighteen's opening ſpring.

While tottering nations fall, and are undone,
Thy king thy glory, and thy councils firm;
Long may'ſt thou ſtand, my country, ever free,
And Frenchmen tremble as they gaze on thee.

Near Shaſton. LAVINIA.

For the WEEKLY ENTTERTAINER.

TO MARY.

OH! had I but follow'd the dictates of love,
And bad'ſt thou, dear Mary, but cheriſh'd my flame,
I ſhould never have acted ſo fooliſh a part,
I had never been thus overtaken by ſhame.

In attractive ſimplicity equal to Eve,
And with full as much beauty as ſhe could diſplay,
Endow'd with a ſenſe which no tongue can beguile,
Thou would'ſt ne'er for an inſtant have led me aſtray.

In behaviour and form like a being divine,
Thou'd'ſt have guided my ſteps, and have made me diſcreet;
And O! what the tendereſt of mothers begun,
Thy mind and thy virtues had rendered compleat.

Undeſerving of thee I will fly from thy ſight,
To the banks of the Ganges I'll quickly repair;
And at night, when the moon-beams ſhall play on its ſtream,
'Midſt the howl of the tiger indulge my deſpair.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

Lines, written under an Hour-Glaſs, in a Grotto, near the Water.

THIS bubbling ſtream not uninſtructive flows,
Nor idly loiters to its deſtin'd main:
Each flower it feeds, that on its margin grows,
And bids thoſe bluſh whoſe days are ſpent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded glides,
Time's current, ſtealing on with ſilent haſte;
For, lo! each falling ſand his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waſte.